Talking Only Me and You

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Talking Only Me and You

by orphan_account

Summary

Will and Hannibal share a cheap bottle of Wine, and discuss trivial things such as music taste, teenage hood shenanigans, their relationship and end up hilariously drunk.

(A little bit crack but not running off of the series too much, for the sole reason both were too out of their heads to behave normally. Will ends up being a chatty, giddy drunk and Hannibal a dazed, thrown back one. Hilarity ensues!)

Notes

This is actually inspired by what happened to me a week ago; Listening to music and discussing it while drunk. Will's way of being drunk is unintentionally my own. Sorry, Will. You're sticking up with me! Also, I'm going to leave all songs used in the notes at the end. Too keep up with those drunk murder husbands. 'Twas the case.

Title is from the song 'Young Folks' by Peter Bjorn and John, and Hannibal belongs to Thomas Harris and Bryan Fuller. Mistakes and Typos are all mine, mainly because i wrote this on a tablet. Not beta'ed.

See the end of the work for more notes

Saturday, France

"Okay so, you're telling me you never heard of Pink Floyd?" Will slurred out, trying to not spill any wine from his glass. He quickly sipped the volume out when a drop fell over his lap, turning his rather surprised — And amused — face to Hannibal while chugging the wine down.

In all of his years, Hannibal rarely felt the need to feel annoyed or embarrassed over trivial things such as music taste, but Will's striking amusement over their unusual topic made his face get unusually warm. They've been drinking a bottle of cheap wine for a while now, as a sluggish way to rest down their weary heads after a busy day. The motel Hannibal set both in couldn't be more dull than it was; Average to say at least. In compensation, Will suggested a bottle of wine and take out food. After almost six months on the run, Hannibal let go of finer luxuries for their own safety, and didn't vocalise his own distaste over their frequent meals for their own sake. Which amused Will greatly. Honestly, Hannibal's new found appreciation over cheese burgers had Will grinning widely.

In favours of their current simple way of living and travelling, Hannibal found himself being intrigued by Will's way of seeing the world. Before, it had been only what Hannibal relished the most; Fine food, expensive clothing, classical music, socialite roots that seemed to contrast too much with Will's Cajun ones. He nourished Will with the finer tastes of life; influencing his partner to enjoy what was to live life at its finest. But now, it was too dangerous, too entitling for them be caught. They didn't have their own fixed place yet, and even with Chiyoh's cover, they couldn't risk themselves now.

Will's becoming was fresh, and their newly renewed relationship even fresher. Not too long ago, Will had closed to him again -- like a shy flower, avoiding to share its beauty — And rarely held conversations with Hannibal at all. His dear will, trying to build his fort back even though it had crumbled to ash and dust; After the dragon and after their shared healing followed by Will's last attempt to not succumb over his becoming.

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He told Hannibal once, with tears in his beautiful stormy eyes, what echoed in his mind every time he closed his eyes and listened to his mind.

He told Hannibal that if he can't live with him, he can't live without him.

He also told him he was scared; scared that he wouldn't be strong enough to hold *this* together. After three years, it hurt him so much Will thought death in Hannibal's arms would be kinder to his worn soul than see it all fall apart again; See Hannibal go, see himself lie over and over again that *this* wasn't what he wanted.

To Run away with Hannibal, finally be free to feed his darkness with blood coming from his own hands. To let his demons out of their cages and embrace them, to finally look at himself at the mirror and not see a broken, hollowed being. But see himself, free. By then, Will tears streamed over his cheeks and his scar, telling Hannibal of how messed up *this* was. To see such *beauty* in something he was trained and tormented to see as his worst nightmares. He wanted to bring death to him and Hannibal because he knew he wouldn't stop after that, he wouldn't go back to his old life and pretend he was the Will Graham Molly and Jack wanted.

He couldn't bear to feel this ache again. When Hannibal asked what he ached for, Will gave him a wet smile.

He pressed closer, tears shining and making Hannibal's heart flutter, and told him what Bedelia had told him once.

That Hannibal loved him. That he ached for it, and asked the same for Will. This ache Deep inside of his very being, gnawing his insides with hunger over what Hannibal could bring to him, making him feel hollowed. An ache for their shared violence, such beautiful, *reassuring* violence; An ache over their seduction, over their shared thoughts and twisted compassion. An ache for having someone who knew him to his very core, someone who he solemnly tied his soul with.

He tied himself to the devil, and now he craved his touch like a dying man craves for redemption.

He ached for Hannibal, and tried everything to destroy those feelings. To tell this for him, it was like shedding an old, worn skin. Ripping it out of his hide, and presenting his pure self for his predator. He did flinch when a hand cupped his not scarred cheek, staring over red coloured eyes that shone with various emotions. There he saw love, as raw as it could be. He also saw devotion, surprise, hope, so many emotions he didn't know Hannibal could have. The devil shouldn't feel them. A thumb wiped off a stray tear, so softly it *scared* him, because a creature like Hannibal Lecter shouldn't be able to truly demonstrate kindness.

When Will finally sealed their lips together — clumsily, like he had never kissed before — Will felt, for the first time in his life, accepted.

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Their relationship has never been non intrusive. But now, they felt closer, like the blood from the dragon finally sealed them both together like a priest marries a couple by the eye of God. Will opened for him in a way he never knew he could witness; Sharing with Hannibal such casual openness that first it felt *alien* in their relationship. Will's humanity contrasted beautifully between them, moulding their new paths along with their monster nature, causing both sides to blur. Hannibal found himself opening as much as Will; Both had no need for masks nor lies between them anymore.

And now; Having his lovely, deadly Will by his side while talking about frivolous topics such as music taste and movies, couldn't make Hannibal more thrilled. Maybe the alcohol from the cheap wine they've been sharing made him keen for mundane talks he rarely had in his life. Will's genuine smiles did wonders to Hannibal's aching heart, like Mischa's ones.

He took a small sip of the distasteful wine — not that he would care about it now — and took his gaze off of Will.

"No, Will, I haven't heard of them."

"What?! Did you live under a rock or something?" Will chirped. "Wait, that's not probably it. Maybe your fancy tastes didn't let you see the humble world besides of Mozart or Bach." He slid over the armchair, smirking at Hannibal with a dazed grin. Hannibal raised an eyebrow, not bothering to hide his own smile.

"If that's so, dear Will," Hannibal inquired. "Maybe you should teach me the ways of this *humble world* my tastes didn't let me appreciate."

"Wait, wait, wait! Are you implying that you actually want to learn normal stuff?" Will rearranged his posture on the chair, eyes wide and a uncharacteristic smile spreading over his lips. "Someone call the news, Hannibal Lecter wants to listen to normal music! Am I hallucinating?" He broke off laughing, slumping back on the chair.

"I can't be that bad." Hannibal admitted. Honestly, he didn't know why Will was reacting this way. He took another sip off his glass, frowning lightly.

"Before you start coming back to your wits, Doctor, I'm going to grab my phone real quick and show you what you're missing about the world." Will's words sounded groggy, but confident enough to make Hannibal's smile grow. His partner set the half full glass on the table before fumbling over his pockets and retrieving with his iPhone Hannibal bought for him as a polite way to get Will to use more reliable electronics. As quickly as a drunken person could be, he unlocked the screen and opened up Spotify. He still remembered Will's surprise when he discovered that yes, he appreciated the app.

Will's account was as different as black and white from Hannibal's. While his account consisted in numerous playlists and classical music, Will's diversity of music genre all crumpled up in a single file had not surprised Hannibal at all. He still loved how their differences made them contrast beautifully. When Will finally found the song he was looking

for, he looked at Hannibal with twinkling eyes — like a child showing him their favourite toys — and smiled widely.

"This song here is called Another Brick in the Wall part two, from *The Wall* album. It's by fair one of the most famous songs from Pink Floyd." Will explained, showing Hannibal a photo of the album cover. "I wanted to show you the video too, it's really interesting, but I don't know if you want to or not."

"I'll be your guest." Hannibal smiled. "Please, you can tell and show me everything, Will. It's your turn to be my guidance."

Will's eyes couldn't get any more wide; Those beautiful eyes surrounded by thick dark eyelashes Hannibal couldn't be more fond of. Will gave him a giddy laugh, as if he wasn't believing what was about to happen.

"Holy shit — I mean, Goodness, Hannibal! You're going to stay here for a while. You just made a Pink Floyd fan get on fire."

"Show me then, Will. Make me enjoy it as much as you do." Hannibal pressed on. A challenging gleam shone upon Will's eyes, and in that moment he knew he just tied himself to the wrong wagon.

He didn't expect it to be so *intriguing*. But everything about dear Will was absolutely tasteful to savour; Even his odds and ends. This band — Pink Floyd — had Hannibal's interest now. They've been watching *The Wall* as Will fervidly explained every hidden meaning behind the scenes. By now they were in the 'meat producing' part, watching dozens of masked children fall willingly to their deaths in a meat processor.

"That used to scare me so much as a kid." Will commented. They were both eating the motel's canned Pringles, not really caring about its taste. "Mindless children falling to their deaths... And meat coming out. One of the many reasons I am fucked up." He hid a mocking laughter.

"A strong meaning for the education in that time." Hannibal hummed. "I can imagine why this is so polemic."

"No shit. You're just used to this dark themes, Hannibal."

Hannibal slowly took a sip from his glass.

"I suppose so. I can assimilate my own school years in the meaning of this scene. To be another brick in the wall."

"Exactly. We all are." Will smiled. "I can't believe we are discussing Pink Floyd — Oh, there's the best scene!"

The children were singing now, all set in thousands of rows, wearing their masks and expressionless.

"*We don't need no education*...!" Will began to sing. Hannibal took another sip from his wine, enjoying his partners enthusiasm over the song.

"Seriously, i spent my whole life being a closeted The Velvet Underground fan." Will hiccuped, enjoying the last notes from *Sunday Morning*.

Both men finished not only a bottle of wine, but two cans of Pringles, an peanut flavoured M&M's bag, and some Haribo candies Will saved from their car trip. A bottle of Heineken beer was currently being shared, stirring more alcohol to their brains and even making Hannibal loose his composed self. Will's account was on shuffle, passing by songs from *Peter Bjorn and John* to *Cranberries*, *Simon & Garfunkel* to *The Kinks*.

They managed to listen not only *The Wall*, but a good part of *The Dark side of The Moon*, being by far Hannibal's favourite.

Will replayed *Shine on you Crazy Diamond* for Hannibal's sake, who actually loved the eleven minutes of eerie strings and guitar solo. By the second time, Hannibal even sang along with Gilmour.

In crude honesty, a different view of music had been oddly refreshing for Hannibal. It could be the alcohol speaking — Making his own preserved self falter to popular and in his mind, not so refined music. But his life with Will on the run hasn't been what his tastes preferred. He just ate a bag of Haribo candies with Will, for heavens sake. Let finer tastes take over their situation was dangerous, he had to remember this particular fact, so much that even their own appearances gradually changed. His hair got longer than he would have preferred, and he'd grown a beard, mainly to see Will's admiring eyes glued on his new scruff.

Smiling, Hannibal took another sip of the bottle, *Sunday Morning* slowly fading to an end. Will hummed along from the floor; By the time *Iggy Pop* went on Will just slipped to the ground for unknown reasons. He stretched his hand up in a sluggish way to get the beer from Hannibal, who automatically passed the bottle to the drunk man.

"When I was about sixteen, I listened everyday to the banana album, you know, the Velvet Underground & Nico we just listened to." Will explained, chugging the beer down in one go. "It was my guilty pleasure, I even bought a LP with the money I saved working as a waiter for a local Waffle House."

"My dad thought it was funny to see me, laying on the bed, listening to *Femme Fatale* and dreaming about falling in love. Back then I was so unapproachable my first kiss was actually

a bet. Some blokes paid eight dollars for a girl to kiss the weird Graham boy. How original." He broke off laughing, staring at the Motel's ceiling. "To be honest, I was skinny, all mangled limbs and shit, with a face full of acne, shorts too short to be used in public, and to top all of that — I wore glasses. Not to mention my hair. I swear i had to search for dried leaves in it on Autumn."

"Sounds terrific." He couldn't hold his snort, seeing Will's face red and obviously offended.

"Did you ever had your ugly days, Doctor Lecter? Or puberty didn't affect you?" He swung the beer at Hannibal, frowning. "I bet my ass you got at least some blackheads on your nose. Puberty wasn't fair with me, but I'd be terribly —" Will pressed closer. "Terribly disappointed if you managed to pass that without a single pimple."

"Puberty had its tolls on me, if you desperately want to know." His own speech was slurred too, dragging his accent with it. "I used to be skinny too. A sudden growth of body muscle and hair is what I can remember back then."

"You son of a bitch." Will sneered. "You didn't have acne!"

"Not at all." A smug smile escaped his lips. "I also didn't spend my time rooting for teenage love."

"Now you're just teasing." The other man also started to grin smugly. "You like teasing, uh? Of course you do. You do that all the time.

"No I don't."

"You smug bastard! Jesus, how the heck did I survive all this time with you? You're like a cat who drops a cup on purpose and gives its owner a '*I didn't do shit*' face." Will crawled up from his floor spot, smiling dazedly at Hannibal. A hand slipped pass Hannibal's thighs, shamelessly teasing as a wicked revenge. When his eyes met Will's, a guitar started its low strumming from the speakers, making Will stand up immediately,

an enthusiastic smile lighting up his face.

"Holy crap holy crap holy crap!" Will beamed. He turned the volume up, and flayed his hands at Hannibal in a astounded attempt to show his enthusiasm.

"This is my *jam*, holy crap!" He strummed a invisible guitar, following the songs catchy rhythm.

"*So this ain't the end, I saw you again,*" Will's voice became higher pitched, mimicking the singers one. Hannibal's astonished expression only motivated his partner to continue in his earnest — displaying a drunk attempt to sway his hips and hold a mic at the same time. " — *Today, I haven't turned my heart away*!"

Hannibal covered his own mouth with his hand, unable to take his eyes of the blatant display. Both were too drunk to hold on their laughs or think; And seeing Will follow along with the

lyrics and sing in a broken tone, it couldn't make Hannibal more amused and *aroused*. The song itself had a provocative, almost tantalising beat — a perfect example of the seventies rock and roll. Will seemed to ignore him and his stares, too lost in the rhythm to care.

"*You'd have me down, down, down on my knees...!*"

A stray thought told Hannibal not to mention this tomorrow. Will gave a sharp sway of his hips, and locked his eyes on Hannibal.

"*Oooh... Barracuda!*"

After the *Barracuda* song, they gave in to the seventies; Will turned wild as soon as his '*jams*' came along. *Bow Ow Ow* had Will so hyped he collapsed on the chair as soon as their *Aphrodisiac* song ended, grinning so widely his own self seemed to be at least ten years younger. All these songs also had a side effect on Hannibal — He instantly got aroused when Will started swinging his hips by the sound of electric guitars. Specially when *Black Sabbath* was on; He'd pay a fair sum for another display of Will messing his long dark curls with his fingers and biting his plump red lips, all on Hannibal's lap. He tried to steal a few kisses, but Will made himself difficult for the sake of the music style.

But now, the seventies songs on Will's phone were over and they were breathless, closely listening to *Psycho Killer* by *The Talking Heads* while drinking another bottle of Heineken. Will looked content; his eyes closed and seeming to enjoy the sound.

"I never new the French part. So I obviously spoke gibberish." He said opening one eye. "Seems like this *Psycho Killer* sounds a lot like you. He hates people when they're not polite."

"Very funny, Will." Hannibal didn't even bother to hide his laughter. "I'm truly flattered."

"Oh quit that, mister sassy pants." His partner also laughed. "You know it's true."

"You're cheeky today, dear Will. What can we do about this?"

"Give me that beer and I'll behave my humble self." By the time the song had ended, both were notoriously tired. Will rested his head on the chair, humming softly *Young Folks* while stroking Hannibal's chest. They drank in silence, enjoying each other's touch that long ago seemed impossible. A new song soon started, starling Will with new-found euphoria; But this

time, his eyes were hooded and his smile hesitant. He crawled closer to Hannibal, placing his cold hands on Hannibal's warm face.

This song was significantly different from the others; Slow and melodic, giving Hannibal a romantic rhythm alongside with a touch of the seventies. He placed a hand on Will's waist, and stared at his partner with a curious glance. Will blushed beautifully, and cocked his head on his side, staring at Hannibal.

"If you don't slow dance with me I'm going to gnaw your arm off."

Oh, dearest Will. His hand cupped Will's face, leading both of them to the center of the room.

"For you, Will, I would do anything."

"Good." Will laughed. "Because you're the only one I ever slow danced willingly with."

They started rocking on each other, Hannibal's hand around Will, and Will's head on Hannibal's chest. The same position they've fallen from the bluff together — But now, they had each other. Will exhaled, brushing closer to Hannibal, afraid to let go. As if he would go back to an empty, nightmare riddled life of denial. Hannibal squeezed his waist and shoulders closer to his body, resting his head on Will's curls. He took in some of his addicting scent, and pressed a kiss there. Both clinging together, afraid to have it all destroyed again and bear an ache for each other; too afraid to ruin their precious moment in a world they were hunted down, and loose each other again.

John Lennon's *Mind Games* slowly faded to an end, both unaware their hug lasted four minutes. Will eyes locked on Hannibal's again, as if in one blink he would wake up back in Molly's bed or his own in Wolf Trap.

"Promise me death would be kinder than separation." His voice was small, but sharp enough to make Hannibal's clouded mind work. He stroke Will's cheeks with his thumb, until tracing it down to plump, red lips. Hannibal breathed in, taking his partners addicting scent again to his lungs, to never forget what Will smelled like. He didn't fear death, but he did fear being isolated from Will; to never breathe in his lovely scent again, to never feel his heart beat rapidly when his eyes met with his. His *dear* Will.

To be separated from Will again, it would crush him whole. He agreed, death would be kinder than be away from the one he opened his heart to, and ached to. A final martyr, blessed by the eye of the devil himself, to be with Will forever. He kissed him then, brushing his own lips with soft, warm ones. Will opened his mouth, letting Hannibal in, to flicker and explore and consume him whole. His hand on Will's waist drew him closer, and Will's ones found the back of his head, deepening the kiss.

Their sweet, humane sin, to be in love and being loved back. A word too crude, too simple for what they had between them, too *obsolete*. Frightening even, to depend on another being

so much it hurt, to long for them in a excruciating agony — A punishment for moulding ones soul to another.

Such enthralling emotion born from years of mind games, from the anger to blood lust. Surpassing banal meanings for existent ones, as if it formed a new meaning for itself. But behind all of it, love seeped from its craters; An emotion both Will and Hannibal could feel fervently. He pressed another kiss on Will's pliable lips, holding him close.

"I promise." He held Will closer, firming his said words. "One could say you just said a marriage vow. 'Till death do us part."

Will seemed to let his mind chew on the information Hannibal just said, but quickly dismissed it, giving Hannibal a loving smile.

"Aren't we? I think our relationship is beyond marriage, if I thought about it. It seems vulgar to say it, almost bland, to link our relationship to a thing that happens all the time." He shrugged, biting his moist lips. "But I guess it means we are together by the hand of God, right? Officially tying each other with love vows and being together by law."

"But I guess that's what all those couples want, right? Be together by law. Not really sure all those vows and promises were in vain. Just spreading the icing on the cake, hiding all flaws and unknown truths."

Hannibal nodded, still holding Will close. "But to see yourself and your chosen partner be treated in new commodities and be seen as someone who had a bond strong enough to settle with whom you chose to be with is often seen as the ultimate sign of trust. To be now called a husband, and have a spouse."

Hannibal let his speech trail on, thinking of how he only thought back then he would only marry for strategy purposes. He felt the taste of it; Be tied with someone you had to stay with, presenting your darling spouse to society by your arm and showing off your bond with them. Bedelia was as superficial as icing on a cake could be, like Will said. Displaying a perfect, lovable wife for the world, only to be stripped bare of her person suit and show Hannibal a reluctant woman whom reminded him of a caged bird.

Marriage sounded *banal*, he had to agree. But to vow their trust and love to his chosen one was what a couple wanted, in the end. Prove themselves they'd not tolerate infidelity, and death would be kinder than separation. Two souls locking themselves in its ultimate beginning of a life together, holding deeper meanings than being official by the court or by God himself.

"Hey Hannibal." Will murmured. Hannibal kissed his hair a few more times, until meeting his eyes with Will's.

"Yes, Will?"

"Can you also promise that, after we find a nice place together, we can marry? You can ask my hand in a fancy dinner, if you want. Or by a waterfall." His dear Will, always full of surprises. He let a smile light up his face, making Will smile along. Peppering some kisses on the crown of Will's head, he responded.

"Oh Will... Of course." He bent over and kissed him again, not caring both had alcohol stench in their mouths. "To be with you, I would do anything."

"Even let me get some dogs at the wedding?"

"Absolutely."

"And arrange us a big house next to a pond? With three big dog houses?"

"Yes."

Will snuggled closer, yawning on his shirt and giving Hannibal a sleepy grin. It was late, and the room's silence triggered some yawns and eye rubbing in both of them. He carried Will to bed; Not bothering about taking off his jeans or even preparing himself to sleep, and in complete honesty, he just wanted to hug Will on any soft surface and drift off, content with being by his beloved. Will kicked his sneakers off his feet and crawled closer to Hannibal, pressing drunk kisses on his neck and face.

"... And then we are probably going to have a big garden, you know. Full of veggies and a BBQ, oh, and a pool. Pools are nice." He kept going, lulling Hannibal to sleep, and finding his cold feet warmth in Hannibal's clothed thighs. The last thing Hannibal remembered that night was loving whispers of '*Goodnight*' and Will by his side, surrounded by empty bottles of beer, empty Pringles cans, candy wraps and wine glasses.

For such calming, distressful night of sleep, who knew both would have one *hell* of a hangover.

And we don't care about our own faults
Talking 'bout our own style
All we care 'bout is talking

Talking only me and you.

End Notes

Poor Will and Hannibal, haha! That's what you get when you chug down a bottle of cheap wine (trust me, they get you drunk real good). I always loved the idea of Will being a closeted The Velvet Underground fan. I don't know why! Also, this turned out to be too short for my liking. Hopefully I turn will turn this into a series!

Here is the master-list of all songs used in this fic (some i just added for the background):

Pink Floyd: Another Brick on the Wall, Shine on you crazy diamond
Peter Bjorn and John: Young Folks
The Cranberries: Linger, Zombie
Belle & Sebastian: Step Into my Office, Baby!
Simon & Garfunkel: Cecilia
The Kinks: All day and All Of The Night, Sunday Afternoon
The Doors: People are Strange
Iggy Pop: The Passenger
The Velvet Underground & Nico: Sunday Morning, Femme Fatale, All Tomorrow's Parties
Heart: Barracuda
Bow Ow Ow: Aphrodisiac
The Frattelis: Chelsea Dagger
The Runaways: Cherry Bomb
Blue Oyster Cult: (Don't fear) The Reaper
Black Sabbath: Paranoid, N.I.B
The White Stripes: Seven Nation Army
The Talking Heads: Psycho Killer
Jimi Hendrix: Purple Haze
John Lennon: Mind Games

I'm a nerd. Adeus, fellow Fannibals!

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